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# HOME SCHOOLS



[No. 19.]

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Vol. III.]

## Gibraltar.

GIBRALTAR is said to be the strongest fortress in the world. It is a high cliff, connected with the main land by a narrow spit of sand. About three miles of galleries are hewn in the solid rock. The walls are pierced for heavy guns, of which over 1,000 are in position. Immense sums of money have been expended in making this fortress impregnable. It was captured by the British and Dutch in 1704, and held by the former ever since. From 1780 to 1783 it was besieged by the French and Spanish without success. Forty-seven ships, 1,000 guns and 40,000 men failed to capture this stronghold defended by 7,000 men. It is 15 miles across the Straits to the African shore.

## The "Benbow."

It is almost impossible to realize the tremendous power for offence and defence of the best modern ships of war. The most powerful ship afloat has been launched near London. She is to be fitly named in honour of stout John Benbow, one of the men who helped to make England the mistress of the seas. The *Benbow* is constructed wholly of steel, and no less than 10,000 tons of this metal have been used in her construction. If the steel used in this ship were loaded upon waggons, each waggon carrying a ton; and if these waggons should be started from Hamilton for Toronto, the teams following each other as closely as possible, the first would reach Toronto before the last could leave Hamilton. The engines by which this marine monster is to be propelled will have the nominal power of 9,500 horses, actually a far greater power, and they will drive her through the water at the rate of 17½ knots, or more than 20 statute miles an hour. The *Benbow* will be used as a ram, and one may have some idea of the consequences if her 10,000 tons of dead weight should be sent crashing into the side of another

monster like herself. The principal guns of the *Benbow* will be only two in number, but they will be no pop-guns. They will weigh 110 tons each; the projectiles to be fired by them will weigh 2,000 pounds each, and 900

the gun, the projectile and the powder multiplied by from 200 to 500 and he will begin to understand what a monster one of the *Benbow* guns really is. In addition to the two great guns she will have a number of smaller pieces, as well



GIBRALTAR.

pounds of powder will be burned at each discharge. One who stands beside an ordinary field piece throwing a projectile weighing about nine pounds, and using perhaps a pound and a half of powder will be satisfied that the power exerted is quite respectable. Let him imagine—if he can—

as machine guns. She will be provided with netting to protect her against torpedoes, and will also have torpedoes with which to assail her enemies. Altogether the *Benbow* will be the mightiest engine of offensive and defensive warfare ever constructed.—*Ontario Packet.*

## Rescued from the Flames.

DURING one of the great storms of the past year, the lightning struck a barn in the village of Lowenberg, setting it on fire, and a stork's nest, in which there were some young storklings was threatened by the flames.

The two parent birds contemplated the horrible situation from a distance with evident distress. At last the mother bird darted down upon the nest, and seizing one of her family with her beak, bore it off to a safe spot in a meadow. The father followed her, and settled down to keep watch over his offspring.

When the mother returned to the scene of danger the fire had reached the nest, in which one bird still remained, but while she was flying round it, preparing for a descent, the young one fell through the charred nest into the burning barn. Down darted the mother into the smoke and fire, and coming up again with her *sprossling* in her beak, flew off, apparently unhurt.

The next day a wounded stork fell to the ground in the market-place of the neighbouring town of Trobbin. She was unable to stand, and the policeman of the little town carried her into the guard-house, where it was discovered that both her legs were sorely burned; and she was recognized as the heroic mother who had done the brave feat of rescue at the fire at Lowenberg.

A physician was sent for, and the burgomaster found her a temporary hospital in the Rathaus. Meanwhile the spouse of the sick stork had discovered her whereabouts. He attended diligently to the young ones, and paid daily visits to the mother, as if to inform him-

self how the patient was getting on and to assure her that their children were doing well.

The kind school children of Trobbin readily charged themselves with the task of finding food for the patient, bringing her every day far more than was necessary, and the burgomaster

also paid an official visit every day to the sick guest of the municipality, to see that the doctor's orders were duly carried out, and in less than a fortnight the bird was sufficiently recovered to fly away to her husband and children.

In Germany the stork's nest is often found on the housetops, and little platforms may frequently be seen which have been put up expressly for the stork to build its rough nest upon.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Reading the Appointments.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

I WAS sitting in a wing-slip, close beside the altar-rail,  
When the Bishop came in softly, with a face serene, but pale,  
And a silence indescribably pathetic in its power,  
Such as might have reigned in heaven thro' that "space of half an hour,"  
Rested on the whole assembly as the Bishop rose and said:  
"All the business being finished, the appointments will be read."  
Not as one who handles lightly merchandise of little worth,  
But as dealing with the richest, most important things on earth,  
In the fellowship of Jesus, with the failings of a man,  
The good Bishop asked forbearance—he had done his best to plan  
For the glory of his Master, trusting Him to guide his pen,  
Without prejudice or favour; and the preachers cried, "Amen."  
"Beulah Mountains—Henry Singer"—happy people, happy priest,  
On the dainties of the gospel through the changing year to feast,  
Not a church trial ever vexed them, all their preachers stay three years,  
And depart amidst a tempest of the purest kind of tears.  
"Troubled Waters—Nathan Peaceful"—how that saintly face grew red,  
How the tears streamed through his fingers as he held his swimming head,  
But his wife stooped down and whispered—what sweet message did she bear?  
For he turned with face transfigured as upon some mount of prayer.  
Swift as thought in highest action, sorrow passed and gladness came  
At some wondrous strain of music breaking forth from Jesus' name.  
"Holy Rapture," said the Bishop, "I have left to be supplied."  
And I thought—you couldn't fill it, Mr. Bishop, if you tried,  
For an angel duty transferred to this Conference below  
Wouldn't know one-half the wonders that those blessed people know.  
They would note some strain of discord though he sang as heaven sings,  
And discover some shortcomings in the feathers of his wings.  
"Grand Endeavour—Jonas Laggard"—blessed be the Lord, thought I,  
They have put that Brother Laggard where he has to work or die,  
For the Church at Grand Endeavour with its energy and prayer  
Will transform him to a hero or just drive him to despair.  
If his trumpet lacks the vigor of the gospel's charming sound  
They will start a big revival and forget that he is round.  
"Consecration—Jacob Faithful"—hand in hand the two will go  
Through the years before them bringing heavenly life to earth below.  
"Greenland Corners—Peter Wholesoul"—but he lost his self-control,  
Buttoned up his coat as if he felt a cold wind strike his soul,  
Saw the dreary path before him, drew a deep breath, knit his brows,  
Then concluded to be faithful to his ordination vows.  
In the front pews sat the fathers, hair as white as driven snow—  
As the Bishop read appointments they had filled long years ago,  
Tender memories rushed upon them, life revived in heart and brain  
Till it seemed that they could travel their old circuits o'er again.  
"Happy Haven—Joseph Restful"—how the joy shone in his face  
At the thought of being pastor for three years in such a place!

"Hard as Granite—Ephraim Smasher"—there the stewards sat in row,  
And they didn't want that Smasher, and he didn't want to go.  
"Drowsy Hollow—Israel Wakim"—he is sent to sow and reap  
Where the congregations gather in the interests of sleep.

Then a mist came o'er my vision as the Bishop still read on,  
And the veil that hides the future for a moment was withdrawn,  
For I saw the world's Redeemer far above the Bishop stand,  
On His head a crown of glory and a long roll in His hand.  
Round His throne a countless number of the ransomed, listening, press'd—  
He was stationing His preachers in the City of the Blest.

Some whose names were most familiar, known and revered by all,  
Went down to the smaller mansions back against the city wall.  
One who took the poorest churches miles away from crowds and cars,  
Went up to a throne of splendor with a crown ablaze with stars.  
How the angels sang to greet him, how the Master cried "Well done,"  
While the preacher blushed and wondered where he had such glory won.  
Some whose speech on earth was simple, with no arguments but tears,  
Nothing novel in their sermons for fastidious, itching ears,  
Coldly welcomed by the Churches, counted burdensome by all,  
Went up to the royal mansions and were neighbours to Saint Paul.  
Soon the Master called a woman, only known here in the strife  
By her quiet, gentle nature, though a famous preacher's wife,  
Praised and blessed her for the harvests she had garnered in the sky,  
But she meekly turned and answered—"Twas my husband, Lord, not I."  
"Yes," the Master said, "his talents were as stars that glow and shine,  
But thy faith gave them their virtue, and the glory, child, is thine!"  
Then a lame girl—I had known her—heard her name called with surprise,  
There was trembling in her bosom, there was wonder in her eyes.  
"I was nothing but a cripple, gleaned in no wide fields, my King,  
Only sat a silent sufferer 'neath the shadow of Thy wing!"  
"Thou hast been a mighty preacher, and the hearts of many stirred  
To devotion by thy patience without uttering a word,"  
Said the Master, and the maiden to His side with wonder press'd—  
Christ was stationing His preachers in the City of the Blest,  
And the harp-strings of the angels linked their names to sweetest praise  
Whom the world had passed unnoticed in the blindness of its ways.  
I was still intently gazing on that scene beyond the stars  
When I saw the Conference leaving, and I started for the cars.

### Panthers.

THEY ascend the immense trees near the mouth of the Columbia, which are frequently 300 feet high, and sixty, eighty, or even a hundred feet to the first limb, precisely as a cat would climb them, and, when wounded, will sometimes go to the very top. In one instance, I found a small glade in the forest, where from the sign, it was evident that two or more of them had been gambolling, and like kittens scurrying around in the grass, and then, bounding against the trunk of a tree at a point at least ten feet from the ground, they had ascended apparently on the run, tearing off great pieces of bark, and leaving claw marks a foot long on each side. Although they may in some localities spend the day in lying upon the limb of a tree, I think they always prefer rocky ledges and caverns for that purpose, where such are accessible. In San Diego, near the Arizona line, the rugged, rocky ranges furnish admirable retreats for panthers, there usually called mountain

lions, and although not so abundant, they are, I think, more frequently shot than they are further north, for reasons that will soon be explained. Like all of the cat tribe they are partial to warmth, and upon days when it is rather cold in the shade, they frequently come out of their lairs in the middle of the day and lie upon the rocks near by to bask and drowse in the warm sun, and as the ranges there are generally very sparsely timbered, they are occasionally discovered by hunters, when the chances of getting within shot are better than under almost any other circumstances. But for all that, they are animals that are seldom shot, no matter how abundant they may be, and their disappearing so rapidly before the march of civilization is a mystery that I can only solve by the conclusion that being such a large and entirely carnivorous animal, they are immediately affected by the least thinning out of the large game, and are driven by hunger to seek places where the rifle has not begun its deadly work; unless, as they seem to have done on the McCloud river, they turn their attention to the stock of the settler. Many of them are poisoned by the sheep and cat-timon of the southern counties, when their visits to the flock and herds become too frequent. I have often seen their hides nailed to the walls of the lonely cabins of the stockmen there, and, upon inquiry, have found that they were poisoned in at least three cases out of four. I am quite settled in the belief that a panther would be no match for a grizzly. It is quite possible that their superior agility might sometimes make them more than a match for a black bear, but I can only conceive of their being able to kill a grizzly by fastening upon him in a position where the bear was unable to inflict any injury upon them, as a single well-directed blow from the paw of a full-grown grizzly will crush in the ribs of an ox, and would, I fancy, leave but little fight in any panther.—*American Naturalist*.

### Planning a Strike.

IN a Prussian roadside inn, one hot summer day, several men were smoking and drinking. The room was dirty and uncared for, and the men, who looked quite in keeping with it, were railing at the ways of Providence, and contrasting the luxury and idleness of the rich with the misery and hardships of the poor.

During the conversation, a stranger, a young man, came in to eat his bread and cheese, while his team rested in the shade before the inn. For a time he listened silently to the talk, and then joined in, saying:

"You must strike!"

"Strike against what?" asked the peasants.

"Against poverty!" answered the young man, "and the weapon with which to strike is work."

"Well said! Sensibly spoken!" laughed the peasants.

"It would have been well for me had I always been as sensible," continued the stranger, "but I used to be an idle rogue. I was strong and healthy, but I would not work, and if now and then I was obliged to do anything, I was off at once to the alehouse, and like lightning the money was out and the brandy was in. I went from place to place—that means that everywhere I was turned away, for no master wants a

loafer about. I soon had enough of farm service, and then I went about to fairs and public houses as a fiddler. Wherever any one would hear me, I scraped my violin; but with all my scraping I was never able to get a whole shirt to my back. Soon I grew tired of music, and then tried begging. I went up and down the country, but most doors were shut in my face. People said a healthy young fellow like I was, ought to work. That enraged me. I grumbled that God had not made me a rich man, and I was envious of all who were better off than myself. I would have liked to turn the world upside down, that I might have been able to lord it over the rich. One day I went into an inn, sat down in a corner, and began muttering my begging speeches. At a table not far from me sat a gentleman—he is, as I afterwards heard, a writer of books—he kept glancing at me, and I kept glancing at him, for I thought he would be sure to give me a good alms, and so he did. I'm spending it still."

"What was it?" asked the men, who had listened attentively.

"He came up to me and asked me about my early life. I told him I had been a farm servant, and sent from place to place—in short, I told him everything. He listened quietly, shook his head, and at last said, 'Show me your hands!' Astonished, I held out my hands; he examined them all over, pushed up my shirt sleeves, and again shook his head.

"What powerful hands! What strength there must be in these arms!" he said. "My lad, you must join in the war."

"In what war?" I asked.

"In a war against your misery!" he exclaimed in a loud voice. "You fool, you imagine you are poor—poor with such hands! What a mad idea! He only is poor who is sick in body or in mind. You are healthy in body and in mind. What, with such hands, poor! Set your wits to work and reflect upon the treasure God has given you in your strong, healthy limbs. Recover your senses and march forward in the war!"

"Bravo! That was very good," laughed the peasants.

"And so I joined in the war," continued the young man. "I looked for a place, and now I am a farm servant as before—nothing better and no richer; but I am content and industrious, and I have served the same master these five years, and shall stay with him until one of us dies."

If a canoe be connected by a cord with a distant ship, one in the canoe may draw himself to the ship, if he cannot draw the ship to himself. So, as has been said, is it with prayer. If it do not bring God to man, it will bring man to God. And this is always well for man.—*W. P. Breed*.

It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not so easy to do little deeds of quiet courage from day to day, unheeded by all and unheeding all.

I wonder how many Christians there are who so thoroughly believe God made them, that they can laugh in God's name; who understand that God invented laughter and gave it to His children. The Lord of gladness delights in the laughter of a merry heart.—*Macdonald*.

## An Infant's Hand.

Only an infant's tiny hand,  
Tidy white and dimpled, too;  
Yet many deeds in coming years  
The pretty wee hand may do.

Care-worn furrows it may deepen,  
On the forehead of a father;  
And crush the tender, loving heart  
Of a kind and gentle mother.

It may clutch the ruby wine cup,  
That the soul will surely blust,  
And press it to the lips so guileless  
Where a mother kissed them last.

And while the brain is wine heated,  
The once stainless little hand  
In wrath may deadly weapon raise  
Swiftly to slay the truest friend.

The wee fingers white may never  
Be with honest labour soiled,  
But may take by wealth the riches  
For which other hands have toiled.

Or, it may never do a deed  
That the pure soul will defile,  
But of those goodly works partake,  
On which holy angels smile.

It may aid the poor it may extend,  
And their empty coffers fill;  
It may guide the blind and aged,  
Till God whispers: "Peace, be still."

It may gently lift the feeble  
That have fallen in rough ways,  
And to thin lips, parched with fever,  
Cooling, crystal water raise.

It may softly smooth the pillow  
Of some suffering mortal,  
Who is far from home and loved ones,  
And passing through death's portal.

It may wipe away the death dew  
That on the cold forehead stands;  
And when the heart is stilled forever,  
Close the eyes and fold the hands.

It may gather bright, sweet flowers,  
And garland the simple stone,  
That marks the spot where some one lies,  
In a strange land, all alone.

It may plant the rose and lily,  
That they may fragrance shed  
On the lowly resting places  
Of the pale and silent dead.

It may clasp the Holy Bible  
That was in mercy given;  
And when the sad heart yearns for rest,  
Be raised in prayer to heaven.

None can tell, as the years glide by,  
What the little hand may do,  
Yet still we trust that it will prove  
Ever faithful—over true.

## Choosing a Profession.

BY FAITH IRVING.

MR. ABBOT was very anxious one of his boys should continue in his footsteps and follow the plough. Nat the eldest son, was already a sailor. Frank was a dealer in dry goods and groceries, and liked well his good run of business in the country store; and now Wilbur, the youngest son, who had been contentedly attending school, and occasionally assisting about the farm, was continually talking about choosing a profession.

Farmer Abbot, as everybody called him, was too shrewd to say an opposing word, but he kept thinking perhaps Will might conclude to become a farmer after all; and the boy's mother hoped so, too.

But Wilbur had finished his course at the High School, and completed also a year of study at the Hilltown Academy, and one morning informed his father he had concluded to be a minister, and would accordingly like to enter a theological seminary as soon as convenient.

Farmer Abbot made no objection, but said he first wanted him to pay a visit to an old friend of his, a minister living in a large city, and settled over a flourishing church.

Wilbur thought that would be very nice; of course he should be ambitious to be settled over a fine, large society in the city some day, and this would afford a grand opportunity of seeing what such a position was like. So he started right briskly, intending to make a good long visit.

In two weeks he was home again. He said he had enjoyed his visit very much, but no questions were asked in particular, though Farmer Abbot looked satisfied and sly. That evening, as he was sitting on the back-door step overlooking his broad acres, Wilbur came and sat beside him.

"Father," he said, "I believe after all I don't want to be a minister."

"Ah, my son!"  
"Why, you can't get breathing time at it," Wilbur went on a little excitedly. "For some reason Mr. Blair seemed to want me to see all he did and to go everywhere he went. Now, I always thought it must be fun sitting down in a nice study, writing sermons, but dear me! Mr. Blair never thought he was ready to write until he had about a dozen books,—commentaries, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and I don't know what not, all around him. Then he'd keep hopping up to look at still some other book in his library, and twice when writing one sermon he went out to the Public Library to hunt up something in a book he didn't own."

"Then the funerals! Five in the two weeks I was there, though he said that was rather unusual—two in his own society, and three outside, where their own pastors were away."

"One night there was a great church sociable, and I thought that would be nice. But while there I heard some one I didn't know, of course, speak very slightly of Mr. Blair, and I made up my mind that what with the hard study, the outside work and the ingratitude, I'd never do for a minister; so I've decided to be a doctor."

Farmer Abbot said he thought it a great thing to be a good doctor, but as before, a few days afterward, he informed Wilbur he wanted him to visit his uncle, a very successful practitioner in a small city not very many miles away.

Wilbur had not visited this uncle for a good many years, and was quite pleased at the prospect.

In just two weeks again from the day he started, he was home, and evidently right well pleased to be there, too.

His father was superintending some work in the garden when he arrived, and out went Will to find him. They exchanged cordial greetings, made a few rambling remarks, then the son broke forth with his usual promptness when he had anything important to say.

"Well, father, I've concluded not to be a doctor."

"Ah, my son."

"Perfect dog's life I can assure you! Uncle Frank took me the rounds, and 'twas night and day, mind you; nothing but a continual round of sick rooms. Uncle would say I was a student he was taking with him for the purpose of observation. I refused flatly to go where there was typhoid and scarlet fever, but uncle said I'd have to go when I got to be a doctor. Then 'twas so mean vaccinating little babies; and uncle had heaps of studying to do, after being a doctor thirty years and more. When I said I hated to see so much suffering, he coolly in-

formed me I hadn't seen any to speak of, and I thought if I hadn't, I never would, sure, if I could help myself, so I skipped for home, and I believe after all I'd rather be a lawyer than anything else."

So it was arranged that Wilbur should enter a certain college with a view to becoming a lawyer. But a day or two before he was to start, Farmer Abbot remarked in a matter-of-fact sort of way:

"I've had a letter from my old friend, Mr. Wyncoop, Will, and he wants you to stop on your way and pay him a visit. He is a very prominent lawyer, and has a son in college now studying to take his practice one of these days, he hopes. Of course you'll make it convenient to stop a week or so with Wyncoop; he has a delightful place and will welcome you warmly."

Will looked a little puzzled at this proposal, and somehow experienced a sudden feeling of repugnance at the thought of visiting another man whose profession he had decided to adopt as his own, but his indulgent father sitting opposite looked so kind and unconscious of having said anything in the least trying, he couldn't find it in his heart to refuse, so he only said a little faintly:

"Very well, sir, I will do as you wish me to."

The week slipped by, and when evening came, Farmer Abbot stood looking down the road as if expecting some one or something.

"Are you looking for the man with a letter from Wilbur?" asked Mrs. Abbot.

"No, ma, not exactly," said the farmer drily; "I'm looking for the lad himself."

He was always "the boy" and the "lad" to his father, although nearly out of his teens."

"Well, now, he's probably on his way to college, if not already there," said his mother.

"No he isn't, ma; he's on his way home, for here he comes," and Farmer Abbot walked rapidly towards the gate to speed the welcome home.

It was late in the evening when the farmer and his son took the old familiar seat on the back steps. Conversation lagged through sheer inability on the father's part to sustain his part almost entirely unaided. Finally Wilbur made a brief, decided, but most satisfactory observation:

"Father, I believe I shall stay right on the old farm."

"Ah, my son!"

"You can't imagine how sweet and peaceful everything seems to me here."

"I want to know!"

"Yes, perfectly beautiful after the noise and dust of the great city."

"You don't say!"

"And deliver me from the perplexities and harrowing necessities of a lawyer's life! I saw Mr. Wyncoop foreclose one mortgage that has haunted me ever since, and force another sale of private property that was enough to break one's heart. All right enough as far as he was concerned, but tough, amazing tough, for the poor families who had no escape from the rigorous clutches of the law."

"Why, Wilbur, boy, how you talk!"

"Oh, that was only a small part of what I saw to disgust me, but this calm, unexciting, profitable labour on the farm seems delicious; and others may choose as they please, but I im-

agine I was intended from the start to be a peaceful tiller of the soil.

"My son!"

Then good Farmer Abbot undid his mind, and told how he had hoped matters would terminate just as they had, although he was determined to put no obstacle in the way of his following his own inclinations, other than those arising from a slight insight into the different occupations he selected. He honestly reminded Wilbur that he had seen but a glimpse of the three callings he had leaned towards.

The ministry had its attractive as well as unfavourable side, and would, if faithfully followed, work out an exceeding great reward. And so with the doctor. His profession, when understood, was a blessed one, and often well enjoyed. Lawyers also had their seasons of satisfaction and profit; but to his mind, to coax the yielding earth, then to receive her bounteous wealth of good things, was a life indeed blessed of the Lord, and he rejoiced that one dear son had been led to resolve to take up that most calm, encouraging, and necessary occupation of following the plough. "And it admits of professional knowledge, too, my boy, I can assure you," he added enthusiastically.

## Love of Play.

So far from forbidding children to play they should be encouraged in their sports, since love of play is a most important means of education. Anything which makes them run so and fro, chasing and being chased, it intensely amusing to them, and so it develops their muscular power, alertness, quickness of eye, skill in balancing, in turning round and round, watchfulness, patience, and many other faculties. Out of the four hundred muscles of the human body a large majority are probably exercised in these violent games, while regular work only exercises a limited number; hence the love of active play is instinctive. It is a great mistake to make children sit still long except sometimes that they may learn to sit still. It is, no doubt, inconvenient to their elders, this perpetual prying activity, this insatiable curiosity, this asking of innumerable questions; but if they do not do all this how shall they learn? They have been made so for good reasons. The child does not need much for his amusements; expensive toys are usually wasted on him. Give him a bit of string to tie knots in; something to roll, to push, to set up and take down, to take apart and put together, a heap of sand, a bunch of sticks, paper to tear or to cut, water to sail his boat, sand to dig—and he is fully satisfied. How suggestive is the story of the young prince, for whom a box of costly playthings had been brought from Paris, who soon grew tired of them, and going to the window, said, "Mamma, may I go out and play in the beautiful mud?"

THERE is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master's business; and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand, the place of the great continents beyond the sea; a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven, things which "the angels desire to look into."—*Ruskin*.

**At Mother's Knee.**

SAFE to the fold the Shepherd leads  
His little lambs at close of day,  
And thus my wrings come to me,  
At last grown tired of their play;  
And while the twilight shadows fall  
O'er hill and meadow from above,  
I draw my little lambskins safe  
Within the fold of home and love.

O, drowsy eyes of blue and brown!  
O nodding heads! I understand;  
'Tis time two little travellers start,  
With mother's aid, for "slumber-land."  
She folds the dresses snug away,  
And frees the restless, dainty feet  
From shoe and stocking. Thus, at last,  
My little lambs refreshed and sweet,

And robed in white before me kneel  
With folded hands. O Father, Thou  
Who art the Shepherd of Thy flock,  
Bow down Thy ear and listen now  
To each low, childish prayer that these,  
My children, offer up to Thee.  
Hallow the twilight hour, O Lord,  
That brings them thus before my knee.

And so through all the silent hours  
Which lie between the night and day,  
They shall not fear, since from the fold  
Thy love will drive all foes away.  
Sleep, little ones, oh, sweetly sleep,  
Till morning sunbeams gather fast;  
And safe from slumber-land you come  
Back to your mother's knee at last.

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

I was in a hospital at Murfreesboro'. In the middle of the night, I was roused and told that a man in one of the wards wanted to see me. I went to him, and he called me "chaplain"—I was not the chaplain—and said he wanted me to help him to die. And I said: "I would take you right up in my arms, and carry you into the kingdom of God, if I could; but I cannot do it; I cannot help you to die!" And he said: "Who can?" I said: "The Lord Jesus Christ can—He came for that purpose." He shook his head, and said: "He cannot save me; I have sinned all my life." And I said: "But He came to save sinners." I thought of his mother in the North, and I was sure that she was anxious that he should die in peace; so I resolved I would stay with him. I prayed two or three times, and repeated all the promises I could; for it was evident that in a few hours he would be gone. I said I wanted to read him a conversation that Christ had with a man who was anxious about his soul. I turned to the third chapter of John. His eyes were riveted on me; and when I came to the fourteenth and fifteenth verses, he caught up the words: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He stopped me, and said: "Is that there?" I said: "Yes." He asked me to read it again; and I did so. He leant his elbows on the cot, and clasping his hands together, said: "That's good; won't you read it again?" I read it the third time; and then went on with the rest of the chapter. When I had finished, his eyes were closed, his hands were folded, and there was a smile on his face. Oh, how it was lit up! What a change had come over it! I saw his lips quivering, and leaning over him I heard, in a faint whisper: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes, and said: "That's enough; don't read any more." He lingered a few hours, pillowing his head on those two verses; and then went up in one of Christ's chariots, to take his seat in the kingdom of God.



THE DEER.

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Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. - Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.

**Look and Live.**

SOME men say: "I wish I knew how to be saved." Just take God at His word, and trust His Son this very hour—this very moment. He will save you, if you will trust Him.

When I was in Belfast, I knew a doctor who had a friend, a leading surgeon there; and he told me that the surgeon's custom was, before performing any operation, to say to the patient: "Take a good look at the wound, and then fix your eyes on me; and do not take them off till I get through." I thought at the time that was a good illustration. Sinner, take a good look at the wound; and then fix your eyes on Christ, and do not take them off. It is better to look at the remedy than at the wound. See what a poor wretched sinner you are; and then look at the Lamb of God, who "taketh away the sin of the world." He died for the ungodly and the sinner. Say, "I will take Him!" And may God help you to lift your eye to the Man on Calvary. And as the Israelites looked upon the serpent and were healed, so may you look and live.

After the battle of Pittsburg Landing,

**REMEMBER**

**THE S. S. AID COLLECTION**

ON REVIEW SUNDAY,  
SEPTEMBER 27.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in September is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this

respect to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of circuits and Superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the fund. (See Discipline, §§ 354-356)

**Helping the Teacher.**

SOME teachers go to their classes with a heavy heart every Sabbath. If they did not feel religiously bound to go, they would stay at home. Why? Because they do not love to study and to teach the truths of the Bible? No. Because they do not care for the souls of the young people in their charge? No, no; if it were not for their love of souls, they would never consent to meet the class again. What, then, is the matter? Why, simply this: the scholars do not seem to care anything for the teacher. "O we don't like our teacher; if we had a good teacher, we would do better." Did you ever hear that? Did you ever so far forget yourself as to say such a thing? Now, let's look into the matter a little. First, exchange places with the teacher. There you are. Now, how would you like the class to treat you as your teacher has been treated this long time? "You would quit." Yes, that is precisely what you would do. But your teacher has held on—in spite of the fact that you have refused to study the lesson, refused to come promptly, refused to keep quiet in class, refused to give attention, refused to bestow even the common courtesies of social life. In spite of feelings sorely wounded every Sunday your teacher has held on bravely—for Christ's sake and for your soul's sake. Would anybody but a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus endure such treatment as this? Is it not mean and cruel to treat a humble

servant of Jesus thus? We do not say that those who do such things intend to be mean and cruel; it may be thoughtlessness, but damage is done all the same. Jesus is grieved, and Satan rejoices.

This is no unusual thing of which we speak. It may be seen in greater or less degree in almost every school. In some schools the prevailing spirit is that of indifference, if not of positive antagonism to the teacher. Now and then we find a class so proficient in this service of the devil that teacher after teacher is driven from it in despair. It is the same spirit which said of Jesus, "Away with Him!"

Now the remedy for this evil is within easy reach. Let the class remember that they are as much in duty bound to help the teacher as the teacher is to help them. The scholar has a work to do, and God holds him to as strict an account for the performance of that work as the teacher is held for the performance of his. It is as much the duty of the scholar to learn as it is of the teacher to teach. Forgetfulness of this fact lies at the bottom of much of the trouble between class and teacher. In conclusion, ask yourself this question: Am I helping or hindering my teacher in his or her efforts to teach me the way of life and salvation? —S. S. Quarterly.

**The Deer.**

WHAT a graceful animal the deer is. What slender legs, and quick alert ears, and large soft eyes. The one in the picture evidently hears something, and is alarmed at the sound. They are very timid, and the least noise startles them. They can run and swim very fast. A curious thing about them is that the horns drop off at certain intervals and new ones sprout. At first they are very tender, and are covered with a velvety coat, but after awhile they become harder, and the covering is rubbed off against boughs of trees. The one in the picture is quite young, and has as yet no horns. Their flesh is considered a great delicacy.

## The Porcelain Tower.

This celebrated tower in Nanking, China, was first built about two thousand eight hundred years ago. It was rebuilt in the fourth century of our era, and having again been destroyed, was again rebuilt in the early part of the fifteenth century. It was finally destroyed in 1853. Bishop Wile, in his work on "China and Japan," thus describes it:

"Its form was octagonal, divided into nine equal stories, the circumference of the lower one being one hundred and twenty feet, and decreasing gradually to the top. Its base rested upon a solid foundation of brick-work ten feet high, up which a flight of twelve steps led into the tower, whence a spiral staircase of one hundred and ninety steps carried the visitor to the summit, two hundred and sixty-one feet from the ground. The outer surface was covered with tiles of glazed porcelain of various colours, principally green, red, yellow, and white. The body of the edifice was of brick. At every story there was a projecting roof covered with green tiles, and a ball suspended from each corner. The interior divisions were filled with a great number of little gilded images,



THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

## There is no Death.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown  
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hungry moss they bear;  
The fairest leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away,  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the air with silent tread;  
He bears our best loved things away,  
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all destitute;  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones  
Made glad the scene of sin and strife,  
Sings now in everlasting song  
Amid the trees of life.

And when he sees a smile too bright  
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,  
He bears it to that world of light,  
To dwell in paradise.

Born into that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them the same  
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life; there are no dead.

AMONG the regulations of a newly-formed Church among the Zulus in South Africa was the following: "No member of this Church shall be permitted to drink the white man's grog, or native beer, nor touch it with his lips." No need of prohibitory amendment to that Church constitution.

Do you know any one who ought to be in your Sunday-school? You will do good work for the Master by inducing that one to join you. Try. Keep on trying until you succeed. There are schools that could be doubled in numbers and interest in this way. Perhaps yours is one of them.

placed in niches." At each angle of the roofs was a bell, making seventy-two in all. Besides these, there were seventy-two bells suspended on eight chains about the spire. Thus 100 bells sent forth their music at the touch of the breeze. The cost of the beautiful edifice is said to have been between thirty-five and forty millions of dollars.

## The Engine-Maker.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

GEORGE STEPHENSON was a poor boy—poor as the poorest. His father worked in a coal-mine, being fireman of the pumping engine that kept the mine dry. He was a steady and industrious man, and by hard labour managed to support his family after a manner, though he was not able to send his children to school.

George was a smart, driving little fellow, with almost as much steam in him as there was in his father's engine. He was a good boy, too; ready to lend a helping hand to the large family when he was the merest lad. Five brothers and sisters sat with him around the family board, and he was the oldest but one. Just food and clothing enough to keep soul and body together was the most that his father could provide; no books, no schooling, no luxuries.

"Not a very bright prospect for Georgie," my reader will say. And yet there was a *bright side* for that poor family. There was real worth under Father Stephenson's old coat, of more value than wealth to the household. If his actual value had been in his clothes, as is the case with dandies, the family would have been poor indeed. But since "worth makes the man," the family was rich in everything but money.

When George was nine years old he went to live with a farmer. He was not old enough to chop, shovel, or build wall, but he could watch the cows while they grazed, and that was his business. He received *two pence* a day for his labour, less than some boys of his age pay for candy now-a-days. It was quite a sum to George, however, who had never owned five coppers in

his life, and he entered upon his new business with a zeal that would quite eclipse some of the prim-looking clerks who strut in great warehouses now.

As he grew older, he was promoted to other farm-work, such as milking the cows, driving the horse, hoeing corn and digging potatoes, in all of which he did the best he could. He never thought that milking the cows or digging potatoes was small business; he would as soon have thought it was small business to be a baby or a boy, when he must be both before he could be a man.

George had a taste for wind-mills and water-wheels, and he began to make them before he went to live with the farmer; nor did he cease to show his skill in that line after he went to the farm. He made little engines, too, as near like that which his father tended in the coal-mine as he could. Indeed, he had quite a passion for miniature engines, and he grew ambitious to tend a real, working engine like his father's. He meant to have one of his own by-and-by.

When George was fourteen years old, his father removed to another township, to work in another coal mine, and George was taken thither to act as assistant fireman. He was glad to quit the farm, because he wanted to be an engineer; and he took hold of his new business as one who was determined to do well in it. By the time he was eighteen years of age, he was well acquainted with every part of an engine. He could take one to pieces, and put it together again as readily as the most accomplished engineer. And still, he could not read nor write; indeed, he did not know a single letter of the alphabet. He had a strong desire, however, to gain knowledge.

A night-school for the collier's children was opened about this time, and he attended it. Every day his thirst for knowledge grew stronger and stronger. His leisure moments he employed in studying, and in two years he could read, write, and cipher very well. The more knowledge he acquired the more he wanted to acquire. The more he knew, the more he wanted to know. He was determined to make a *man* in the true sense of the word. Among his fellow-labourers he became "a jack at all trades." He mended their clocks and shoes, and cut out clothes for them, and did almost anything that he was asked to do, so that he was regarded as a "genius."

Thus he went on, step by step, until he made a locomotive engine, in 1814, which was run on the Killingworth railway. About the same time, also, he invented a safety-lamp, to be used in the coal-mines. He knew that he could make a much better engine than the one he had already completed, and he did. He kept at work, until, in 1829, he received a prize for an engine that could run twenty-nine miles per hour, its average rate being fourteen miles. He named it "The Rocket," because it shot over the ground at such speed. It was the wonder of those times, and Stephenson became renowned at once throughout Europe and the world, as the author of the great English railway system. Within forty years from the time he went to watch the farmer's cows, at two pence per day, he became one of the most useful and renowned men of Europe, and the reader can see how it was done.

A high aim, doing things well,

patience, perseverance, and all those other good qualities that are found with them, made them successful. Money did not help him, for he had none. A distinguished father did not lift him into favour, for his father was obscure—only a collier. It was not *luck* that achieved his fortune, for *luck* never brings success to any one. He made himself, just as other poor boys now can, rise, by dint of perseverance.

Martin Luther was the son of a poor miner; Zwingli was the son of an obscure shepherd; John Bunyan's father was a travelling tinker; Columbus was the son of a weaver, and Henry Kirke White, of a butcher; Bloomfield, Gibbon, Dr. Carey and Roger Sherman began life as shoemakers; Jeremy Taylor was the son of a barber, Scott of a glazier, and John Hunter of a carpenter; Cowley's father was a grocer, and Collins' was a hatter. Thus all useful and honourable pursuits open the way to success and true fame.

## Anecdote of Gordon.

WHILE everybody was discussing his fate the other day I heard a story of Gen. Gordon which shows the peculiar religious nature of the man who held Khartoum for nearly a year against the Mahdi. Gordon was dining in London one day with several club men, one of whom, when the wine had circulated freely and the party had reached the stage of extreme good-fellowship and familiarity, accused the General of looting a bottle of wine, and in proof of his assertion he pointed to the bulging side of the warrior's coat. Others were quick to seize the idea, and, without even questioning the General, began to bet on the brand of the wine he was supposed to have secreted. The wagers were freely made, and soon the referee in a half tipsy, wholly jocular way, clapped the General on the shoulder and ordered him to produce the bottle. "Chinese" Gordon rose to his feet, and, putting his hand into his bosom, drew out a Church of England prayer book.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a tone of undisguised indignation, "this little book has been my companion for years, and I sincerely trust that you all may find a comforter and supporter in the trials of life that will prove as true to you as this has been to me," and with these words left the room. A collection of apologies went to him next day.—*N. Y. Times.*

## Vote Right.

WITH the close of this quarter some of the young people who study these lessons will be required to vote upon a very serious question. It is this: "Shall we close our Sunday-school for the winter?" We suggest the matter now so that the subject may be talked over and prayed over before the vote is taken. We have no right to do anything that God will not approve. Never vote to close your school as long as you believe God would have it kept open. You may be sure He will never approve the closing of a Bible-school in any place where a grammar school is kept open. If the winter is the best season for the "every-day school," it is also the best for the Sunday-school. The reason why many do not see it this way is because they do not want to see it. Do not vote to close God's school until you are sure God would have it closed. This is the only safe rule.—*S. S. Quarterly.*

## The Drummer-Boy.

"CAPTAIN GRAHAM, they were sayin'  
Ye would want a drummer lad,  
So I've brought my guid boy Sandie,  
Though my heart is wofu' sad,  
But nae bread is left to feed us,  
And nae siller to buy more,  
For the gudeman sleeps forever,  
Where the heather blossoms o'er.

"Sandie, make your manners quickly,  
Play your blitheest measure true—  
Gie us 'Flowers of Edinboro'  
While you sifer plays it, too.  
Captain, heard ye o'er a player  
Strike in truer time than he?"  
"Nay, in truth, bravo Sandie Murray  
Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I gie ye thanks—but, Captain, maybe  
Ye will hae a kindly care  
O'er the friendless, lonely laddie,  
When the battle wark is sair;  
Our Sandie's aye been good and gentle,  
And I've nothing else to love,  
Nothing—but the grave off yonder,  
And the Father up above."

Then her rough hand lightly laying  
On the curl-encircled head,  
She blessed the boy. The tent was silent  
And not another word was said;  
For Captain Graham was sadly dreaming  
Of a benison long ago  
Breathed above his head, then golden,  
Bending now, and touched with snow.

"Good-bye, Sandie." "Good-bye, mither,  
I'll come back some summer day;  
Don't you fear—they don't shoot drummers  
Ever. Do they, Captain Gra—?  
One more kiss—watch for me, mither;  
You will know 'tis surely me  
Coming home—for you will hear me  
Playing soft the reveille."

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly  
Seemed to blink in strange affright,  
As the scudding clouds before them  
Shadowed faces dead and white.  
And the night-wind softly whispered  
When low moans its light wind bore—  
Moans, that ferried spirits over  
Death's dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless  
Might go plashing down in blood,  
Or a helpless hand lie grasping  
Death, and daisies from the sod;  
Captain Graham walked swiftly onward,  
While a faintly beaten drum  
Quickened heart and step together;  
"Sandie Murray? See; I come!

"Is it thus I find you, laddie?  
Wounded, lonely, lying here,  
Playing thus the reveille?  
See—the morning is not near."  
A moment paused the drummer-boy,  
And lifted up his drooping head;  
"O, Captain Graham! the light is coming,  
'Tis morning and my prayers are said.

"Morning! See the plains grow brighter,  
Morning, and I'm going home;  
That is why I play the measure,  
Mither will not see me come;  
But you'll tell her, won't you, Captain—"  
Hush, the boy had spoken true;  
To him the day had dawned forever,  
Unbroken by the night tattoo.

## Auntie Parsons' Story.

I TOLD Hezekiah—that's my man.  
People mostly call him Deacon Parsons,  
but he never gets any deaconing from  
me. We were married—"Hezekiah  
and Amariah"—that's going on forty  
years ago, and he's just Hezekiah to  
me, and nothin' more.

Well, as I was saying, says I:  
"Hezekiah, we aren't right. I am  
sure of it." And he said: "Of course  
not. We are poor sinners; Amy; all  
poor sinners." And I said: "Heze-  
kiah, this 'poor sinner' talk has gone  
on long enough. I suppose we are  
poor sinners; but I don't see any use  
of being mean sinners; and there's one  
thing I think is real mean."

It was jest after breakfast; and, as  
he felt poorly, he hadn't gone to the  
shop yet; and so I had this little talk  
with him to sort o' chirk him up. He  
knew what I was comin' to, for we had  
had the subject up before. It was our

little church. He always said: "The  
poor people, and what should we ever  
do?" And I always said: "We shall  
do nothin' unless we try." And so  
when I brought the matter up in this  
way, he just began bitin' his toothpick,  
and said: "What's up now? Who's  
moan? Amariah, we oughtn't to speak  
evil one of another." Hezekiah always  
says "poor sinners," and doesn't seem  
to mind it, but when I occasionally say  
mean sinners, he somehow gets on easy.  
But I was started, and I meant to free  
my mind.

So I said, says I: "I was goin' to  
confess our sins. Dan'l confessed for  
all his people, and I was confessin' for  
our little church.

"Truth is," says I, "ours is allus  
called one of those 'feeble churches,'  
and I am tired about it. I've raised  
seven children, and at fourteen months  
old every boy and girl of 'em could  
run alone. And our church is fourteen  
years old," says I, "and it can't take a  
step yet without somebody to hold on  
by. The Board helps us, and General  
Jones, good man, he helps us—helps  
too much, I think—and so we live  
along, but we don't seem to get strong.  
Our people draw their rations every  
year as the Indians do up at the  
agency; and it doesn't seem sometimes  
as if they ever thought of doing any-  
thing else.

"They take it so easy," I said.  
"That's what worries me. I do not  
suppose we could pay all expenses, but  
we might act as if we wanted to, and  
as if we meant to do all we can.

"I read," says I, "last week, about  
the debt of the Board, and this week,  
I understand, our application is going  
in for another year, and no particular  
effort to do any better, and it frets me.  
I can't sleep nights, and I can't take  
the comfort Sundays. I've got to  
feelin' as if we were a kind of per-  
petual paupers. And that is what I  
meant when I said, 'It is real mean!'  
I suppose I said it a little sharp," says  
I, "but I'd rather be sharp than flat  
any day, and if we don't begin to stir  
ourselves we shall be flat before very  
long, and shall deserve to be. It has  
just been 'Board,' 'Board,' 'Board,'  
this last fourteen years, and I am tired  
of it. I never did like boardin'," says  
I, "and, even if we were poor, I  
believe we might do something toward  
settin' up housekeepin' for ourselves.

"Well, there's not many of us:  
about a hundred, I believe, and some  
of these is women folks, and some jest  
girls and boys. And we all have to  
work hard and live close; but," says  
I, "let us show a disposition, if nothin'  
more. Hezekiah, if there is any spirit  
left in us, let us show some sort of  
disposition."

And Hezekiah had his toothpick in  
his teeth, and looked down at his boots  
and rubbed his chin, as he always does,  
when he's going to say somethin'. "I  
think there's some of us that shows a  
disposition."

Of course, I understood that hit,  
but I kep' still. I kep' right on with  
my argument, and I said: "Yes, and  
a pretty bad disposition it is. It's a  
disposition to let ourselves be helped  
when we ought to be helping ourselves.  
It's a disposition to lie still and let  
somebody carry us. And we are grow-  
ing up cripples—only we don't grow.

"Kiah," says I, "do you hear me?"  
Sometimes when I want to talk a  
little he just shuts his eye, and begins  
to rock himself back and forth in the  
old armchair; and he was doin' that

now, so I said: "Kiah, do you hear?"  
And he said: "Some!" and then I  
went on. "I've got a proposition,"  
says I. And he sort o' looked up and  
said, "Hov you? Well, between a  
disposition and a proposition, I guess  
the proposition might be better."

Ho's awful sarcastic, sometimes. But  
I wasn't goin' to get riled, nor thrown  
off the track; so I jest said: "Yes;  
do you and I get two shillin's worth  
apiece a week out of that blessed little  
church of our'n, do you think? 'Cos,  
if we do, I want to give two shillin's a  
week to keep it goin', and I thought  
maybe you could do as much." So he  
said he guessed he could stand that,  
and I said: "That's my proposition;  
and I mean to see if we can't find  
sombdy else that'll do the same. It'll  
show disposition, anyway."

"Well, I suppose you'll hev your  
own way," says he; "you most allers  
do." And I said: "Isn't it most allers  
a good way?" Then I brought my  
subscription paper. I had it ready. I  
didn't know jest how to shape it, but  
I knew it was something about "the  
sums set opposite our names," so I  
drewed it up, and took my chances.  
"You must head it," says I, "because  
you're the oldest deacon, and I must  
go on next because I am the deacon's  
wife, and then I'll see some of the rest  
of the folks."

So Kiah sot down, and put on his  
specs, and took his pen, but did not  
write. "What's the matter?" says I.  
And he said: "I'm sort o' shamed to  
subscribe two shillin's. I never signed  
so little as that for anything. I used  
to give that to the circus, when I was  
nothin' but a boy, and I ought to do  
more than that to support the gospel.  
Two shillin's a week! Why, it's only  
a shillin' a sermon, and all the prayer-  
meetin's thrown in. I can't go less  
than fifty cents, I'm sure." So down  
he went for fifty cents, and then I  
signed for a quarter, and then my sun-  
bonnet went onto my head pretty  
lively; and says I: "Hezekiah, there's  
some cold potato in the pantry, and  
you know where to find the salt; so,  
if I am not back by dinner time don't  
be bashful; help yourself." And I  
started.

I called on the Smith family first; I  
felt sure of them. And they were just  
as happy. Mr. Smith signed, and so  
did Mrs. Smith; and Long John, he  
came in while we were talkin', and put  
his name down; and then old Grandma  
Smith, she didn't want to be left out;  
and so there were four of 'em. I've  
allers found it a great thing in any  
good enterprise to enlist the Smith  
family. There's a good many of 'em.  
Next I called on the Joslyns, and next  
on the Chapins, and then on the Widdie  
Ohadwick, and so I kept on.

I met a little trouble once or twice,  
but not much. There was Fussy Fur-  
bur, and bein' trustee, he thought I  
was out of my spear, he said, and he  
wanted it understood that such work  
belonged to the trustees. "To be  
sure," says I, "I'm glad I've found  
out. I wish the trustees had discovered  
that a leetle sooner." Then there  
was Sister Puffy, that's got the asthma.  
She thought we ought to be lookin'  
after "the sperritocalities." She said  
we must go down before the Lord.  
She didn't think churches could be run  
on money. But I told her I guessed  
we should be just as spiritual to look  
into our pocket-books a little, and I  
said it was a shame to be turnally  
beggin' so of the Board.

She looked dreadful solemn when I  
said that, and I almost felt as if I been  
committin' profane language. But I  
hope the Lord will forgive me if I took  
anything in vain. I did not take my  
call in vain, I tell you. Mrs. Puffy is  
good, only she allus wanted to talk so  
pius; and she put down her two  
shillin's, and then hove a sigh. Then  
I found the boys at the copper shop,  
and got seven names there at one lick,  
and when the list began to grow, peo-  
ple seemed to be ashamed to say no,  
and I kep' gainin' till I had just an  
even hundred, and then I went home.

Well, it was pretty well toward  
candle light when I got back, and I  
was that tired I didn't know much  
of anything. I've washed, and I've  
scrubbed, and I've baked, and I've  
cleaned house, and I've boiled soap,  
and I've moved; and I low that almost  
any one of that sort of thing is a little  
exhaustin'. But put your bakin', and  
movin', and boilin' soap, and all to-  
gether, and it won't work out as much  
genuine tired soul and body as one day  
with a subscription paper to support  
the gospel. So when I sort o' dropped  
into a chair, and Hezekiah said, "Well,  
I was past speakin'," and I put my  
check apron up to my face as I hadn't  
done since I was a young, foolish girl  
and cried. I don't know what I felt  
so bad about; I don't know as I did  
feel bad. But I felt cry, and I cried.  
And Kiah seen' how it was, felt kind  
o' sorry for me, and set some tea  
and my cry, and so mingled my drink  
with weepin', I felt better.

I handed him the subscription paper,  
and he looked it over us if he didn't  
expect anything; but soon he began  
saying, "I never! I never!" And I  
said, "Of course you didn't; you never  
tried. How much is it?" "Why  
don't you know?" says he. "No,"  
I said, "I ain't quick in figures, and I  
hadn't time to foot it up. I hope it  
will make us out this year three hun-  
dred dollars or so."

"Amy," says he, "you're a prodigy  
—a prodigal, I may say—and you don't  
know it. A hundred names at two  
shillin's each gives you \$25 a Sunday.  
Some of 'em may fail, but most of 'em  
is good; and there is ten, eleven, thir-  
teen, that sign fifty cents. That'll  
make up what fails. That paper of  
yourn'll give us \$1,300 a year." I  
jumped up like I was shot. "Yes,"  
he says, "we shan't need anything this  
year from the Board. This church,  
for this year at anyrate, is self-sup-  
porting."

We both sot down and kep' still a  
minute, when I said, kind o' softly  
"Hezekiah," says I, "isn't it about  
time for prayers?" I was just chokin',  
but as he took the Bible he said, "I  
guess we'd better sing somethin'." I  
nodded, like, and he just struck in. We  
often sing at prayers in the morning,  
but now it seemed like the Scrip-  
ture that says: "He giveth songs in the  
night." Kiah generally likes the  
solemn tunes, too; and we sing "Show  
Pity, Lord," a great deal, and this  
mornin' we sung "Hark, From the  
Tombs a Doleful Sound," 'cause Kiah  
was not feelin' very well, and we  
wanted to chirk up a little.

I jest waited to see what metre he'd  
strike to-night; and would you believe  
it? I didn't know that he know any  
such tune. But off he went on "Joy  
to the World, the Lord is Come  
tried to catch on, but he wolt off.  
lickerty switch, like a steam engine.

and I couldn't keep up. I was partly laughing to see Kiah go it, and partly crying again, my heart was so full; so I doubled up some of the notes and jumped over the others, and so we safely reached the end.

But I tell you, Hezekiah prayed. He allers prayed well, but this was a brand new prayer, exactly suited to the occasion. And when Sunday came, and the minister got up and told what had been done, and said: "It is all the work of one good woman, and done in one day," I just got scared and wanted to run. And when some of the folks shook hands with me after meetin', and said, with tears in their eyes, how I'd saved the church, and all that, I came awful nigh gettin' proud. But, as Hezekiah says, "we're all poor sinners," and so I choked it back. But I am glad I did it; and I don't believe our church will ever go boarding any more.—*Dora Dennis, in Presbyterian Journal.*

#### A Good Daughter.

THERE are other ministers of love more conspicuous than a good daughter, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sun and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows a weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love.

#### Wine at the Passover.

A MEMBER of the editorial staff of the *Methodist Times*, London, in the issue of that paper for April 10th, gives a very interesting account of what he saw and heard at a modern celebration of the Jewish Passover, at the house of an orthodox Jew, to which he had been invited on the occasion. The account is too long to be inserted here, but we give the closing paragraph. The writer says: "Supper being ended, I said, amongst other things, to an intelligent and affable Rabbi, who sat next me, 'May I ask with what kind of wine you have celebrated the Passover this evening?'" With a non-intoxicating wine, he promptly replied. "Jews never use fermented wine in their synagogue services, and must not use it on the Passover either for synagogue or home purposes. Fermented liquor of any kind comes under the category of 'leaven,' which is proscribed in so many well-known places in the Old Testament. The wine which is used by Jews during the week of Passover is supplied to the community by those licensed by the Chief Rabbi's Board, and by these only. Each bottle is sealed in the presence of a representative of the ecclesiastical authorities. The bottle standing on-

the sideboard from which the wine used to-night was taken was thus sealed. I may also mention that poor Jews who cannot afford to buy this wine, make an unfermented wine of their own, which is nothing else but an infusion of Valencia or Muscatel raisins. I have recently read the passage in Matthew in which the Paschal Supper is described. There can be no doubt whatever that the wine used upon that occasion was unfermented. Jesus as an observant Jew would not only not have drunk fermented wine on the Passover, but would not have celebrated the Passover in any house from which everything fermented had not been removed. I may mention that the wine I use in the service at the synagogue is an infusion of raisins. You will allow me, perhaps, to express my surprise that Christians who profess to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth can take what he could not possibly have taken as a Jew—intoxicating wine, at so sacred a service as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

#### Loving Words.

BY ERIN K. BEXFORD.

Loving words will cost but little,  
Journeying up the hill of life,  
But they make the weak and weary  
Stronger, braver for the strife.  
Do you count them only trifles?  
What to earth are sun and rain?  
Never was a kind word wasted,  
Never was one said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,  
And its burdens heavy grow  
For the ones who walk beside you,  
If you love them, tell them so.  
What you count of little value  
Has an almost magic power,  
And beneath their cheering sunshine  
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey,  
Let us scatter all the way,  
Kindly words to be as sunshine  
In the dark and cloudy day.  
Grudge no loving word, my brother,  
As along through life you go,  
To the ones who journey with you;  
If you love them, tell them so.

#### Garibaldi, the Patriot.

ONE of the most pleasing stories of the famous patriot Garibaldi is an incident told by his biographer in relation to the General's great anxiety about a poor lamb which had got separated from its mother. It is said that the beatings of the dam were so painful to him that he quickly stole away from some friends for the purpose of going in search of the lost one. He continued his wanderings for several hours, even into the dead of night, and at last was successful in finding it and brought it in his arms to the distressed mother.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was the son of an old sea-captain of Nice, and was born there in the year 1807. His early life was chiefly passed amid the fishermen of the district. In his seventeenth year he entered as a midshipman in the Sardinian navy, and remained in it till his twenty-seventh. Becoming involved in Mazzini's first attempt toward the liberation of Italy, he was obliged to seek shelter in Marseilles. He shortly afterward entered the service of the Bey of Tunis; but this inactive life was too quiet for his restless spirit, and he soon took service under the Republic of Uruguay in South America.

After the revolution of 1848 he was constrained to emigrate to the United States of America; he there met with a variety of experiences. When his

poverty compelled him to resort to the humble calling of a cattle-maker, he was exposed to plunder and to insult. Shortly afterward he purchased a small farm on the island of Caprera, in the Mediterranean Sea.

So soon as there was a prospect of once more striking a blow for the independence of his native land, Garibaldi offered his services to King Victor Emanuel. With a body of volunteers he took Palermo in May, 1860, marched on the main-land, and the struggle was carried to Naples, which King Francis abandoned. On his march to Gaeta he met Victor Emanuel, and saluted him "King of Italy."

He did not get on well with the Sardinian lieutenants of the king, and, as poor in purse as he was when he set out, he went on board a vessel, and returned to his home.

The last ten years of his life were spent quietly at Caprera, where he died, after much weakness and suffering, on June 2, 1882.

#### In a Coal Pit.

AN accident occurred in a coal pit by which several lives were lost. Two boys managed to get hold of a chain hanging by the side of a pit, and so had the prospect of being saved if they could hold on till help came. As soon as possible a man was sent down with a rope to see if there were any alive who might be drawn up. In going down he came first to a boy named Daniel Harding. When he offered to help him, the noble-minded boy said, "Don't mind me, I can hold on a little longer; but Joe Brown there is nearly exhausted. Save him first." Joe Brown was saved, and so was the noble-hearted boy who saved him.

#### Which Way Are You Going?

A LITTLE girl went home from church, full of what she had seen and heard. Sitting at the table with the family, she asked her father, who was a very wicked man, whether he prayed. He did not like the question, and in an angry manner replied: "Is it your mother or your aunt Sally who has put you up to that?"

"No, father," said the child; "the preacher said that all good people pray, and those who don't pray cannot be saved. Father, do you pray?"

This was more than the father could stand, and in a rough way he said: "Well, you and your mother and aunt Sally may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature, with great simplicity, "Which way are you going?"

This question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the same way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

"Which way are you going?"

GRACE means mercy, or unmerited favour. It is illustrated in the case of the mother who sought the pardon of her son from the First Napoleon. The Emperor said it was his second offence, and justice demanded his death. "I do not ask for justice," said the mother; "I plead for mercy." "But," said the Emperor, "he does not deserve mercy." "Sire," cried the mother, "it would not be mercy if he deserved it; and mercy is all I ask for." "Well, then," said Napoleon, "I will have mercy," and her son was saved.

#### Dress Plainly on the Sabbath.

It is taste.

It would lessen the burdens of many who find it hard to maintain their places in society.

It would lessen the temptation to dress beyond the income.

If every one dressed plainly but neatly, for church service, persons in moderate circumstances and the poor would be more likely to attend.

Moderation in dress would improve the manners of the congregation by preventing the wandering of the eyes and thoughts.

It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptations of vanity.

It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptations of envy, uncharitableness, and discontent.

It would save time for rest on the Sabbath day.

It would relieve our means of a serious pressure and leave more opportunities for doing good.

At the same time we do not believe it is required of us to wear sack-cloth and long faces on the Sabbath. Nature herself seems to wear brighter garments on the blessed day of the week, and it is meet that we should dress well and tastefully, even cheerfully, and enjoy the golden day of the week with grateful hearts and comely attire.

A LITTLE while back, in the East of London, they were digging a deep drain in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park. Some of the shoring gave way, and tons of earth fell down upon several men who were there at work. Of course there was a great deal of excitement; and, standing by the brink was a man looking—I grant you with great earnestness—on those who were attempting to dig out the earth. But a woman came up to him, put her hand on his shoulder, and said, "Bill, your brother is down there!" Oh! you should have seen the sudden change. Off went his coat, and then he sprang into the trench, and worked as if he had the strength of ten men. Oh, sirs, amidst the masses of the poor, and the degraded, and the lost, your brother is there!—*Selected.*

#### Do you Sing?

Good singing adds much to the attractiveness of a Sunday-school. Through its gracious influence many have been induced to attend who otherwise could not have been reached; and in order to hold them we must see to it that this exercise be made as delightful as possible. Besides, God is worshipped in the song-service; and that in itself is sufficient reason for entering into it with heart, soul, mind, and strength. So we must get rid of the notion that we are at liberty to join in the singing or not, just as we please. In this, as in other Christian duties, we should seek to please our Heavenly Father and benefit others, rather than consult our own preferences. The scholar who fails to cultivate voice and heart in the Sunday-school falls short of his duty in an important part of the Master's work. If you cannot sing well, do the best you can, and your reward is sure. Remember, it was for neglecting to use his one talent that the wicked servant was cast into outer darkness. Give God your voice.—*S. S. Quarterly.*

Trust not so much to the comfort of God as to the God of comforts.



The Lilies.

THE Lilies, ah, the lilies!  
They stand superb in light,  
In field and bank and garden fair,  
A wonder to the sight;  
So rich their royal scarlet is,  
So pure their stainless white!

Consider, then, the lilies,  
O heart of mine, to-day;  
They neither toil nor spin, to win  
Their beautiful array;  
I would that thou could live a life  
So fearless-sweet as they.

They gather when the summer  
Her silver bugle thrills;  
When troop to meet her shining feet,  
The bright, uncounted rills;  
And when the purple glories lie  
All softly o'er the hills.

Each in her place appointed,  
The lily d'volla serene:  
She cares not though the thistle blow  
A near her leaf of green;  
Her neighbours cannot vex her soul,  
For she was born a queen.

She fills the air with fragrance,  
She crowns the day with bloom;  
From dewy morn to darkening eve,  
Our shadows to illumine,  
She bears a torch, divinely fed,  
And smiles away our gloom.

Fair lilies, gentle teachers,  
Evangelists of love,  
The word that bids me heed your voice  
Is spoken from above;  
Ye are the gracious gift of Him  
In whom our spirits move.

We too would wear unspotted  
The garments of the King,  
Would have the royal perfume  
About our path to cling,  
And unto our beholders  
A lilled beauty bring.

LESSON NOTE.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KINGS.

B.C. 892.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 20.

NAAMAN, THE SYRIAN.

2 Kings 5. 1-16. Commit to mem. vs. 10-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.  
—Ps. 51. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

There is but one remedy for sin-sick souls.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 4. 38-44. Th. Isa. 1. 10-20.  
T. 2 Kings 5. 1-16 P. Matt. 8. 1-13.  
W. 2 Kings 5. 17-27. Sa. Luke 17. 11-19.  
Su. Rev. 7. 9-17.

TIME.—Perhaps B.C. 892.

PLACES.—Samaria, the capital of Israel;  
and Damascus, the capital of Syria, 110 miles  
apart in an air line.

PERSONS.—A little slave girl. The king  
of Syria, Benhadad; his commanden-in-chief,  
Naaman; the king of Israel, probably Jeho-  
raam; and Elisha, the prophet of God.

INTRODUCTION.—There was a chronic feud  
between Israel and Syria. David had con-  
quered Syria, but it was now independent.  
After the death of Ahab no formal peace  
was made, and the borders were exposed to  
frequent raids and the carrying away of  
spoils and captives.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. Captain of  
the host—Commander of the army. Honour-  
able—Honoured. Mighty man in valour—  
Courageous. Leper—The disease of leprosy  
was contagious, loathsome, and polluting.  
2. A little maid—A young maiden. 3. Re-  
cover—Literally, receive again (see Numb.  
12. 15 for the receiving back of those who  
were cured). 4. One went in—Probably Naa-  
man. 5. Go to, go—Come now. He took—  
According to Eastern custom. Ten talents—  
About \$18,000. Six thousand pieces—Per-  
haps \$38,000. Raiment—Costly robes. 6.  
Now—Only the important part of the letter  
is given. That thou mayest recover him—  
Not to do it himself, but command his pro-  
phet to heal him. 7. Am I God—Am I all-  
powerful? To kill and to make alive—Curing  
leprosy would be like giving life to the dead.  
Consider—He thinks an impossibility asked  
intentionally. 8. Know... prophet in Israel  
—A rebuke is given to the king, who had

forgotton him. 9. With his horses, etc.—  
With all his attendants. 10. Messenger—  
Gohazi. Jordan—More than thirty miles  
away. Seven times—The Hebrew number of  
completeness. 11. Was wroth—At Elisha's  
apparent indifference to his case. He will  
surely come out—In deference. And stand,  
etc.—As the false prophets did. Strike his  
hand—a prophet or a king was supposed to  
have special healing in his hand. 12. Better  
than all the waters of Israel—The Damascus  
rivers were remarkably clear. Jordan was  
turbid. 14. His flesh came again—The cor-  
rupt mass was restored to health. Clean—  
Leprosy is pollution. 15. Blessing—Gift.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Why is  
leprosy a type of sin?—The education of  
an Israelitish child.—Bible teachings in re-  
gard to "I thought."—The heathen converts  
of the Old Testament.—The missionaries of  
the Old Testament.—Acknowledgment a  
sign of gratitude.—Liberality a sign of grati-  
tude.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Syria? What  
were its relations with Israel? Who was the  
king of Syria? What was the name of his  
chief officer? What is the central truth of  
this lesson?

SUBJECT: THE ONE REMEDY.

I. THE DISEASE (v. 1).—What prosperity  
did Naaman possess? What prevented the  
enjoyment or use of his blessings? What do  
you know of that disease? Was it curable?  
Of what is leprosy a type? Why?

II. A REMEDY SUGGESTED (vs. 2-4).—Who  
first suggested a means of cure? How came  
she in Syria? What was her position in the  
house? What is God's command to captives  
in a strange land? (Jer. 29. 7.) What did  
she say? What does this show of her early  
training? How much value was placed on  
her words? By what may a child be known?  
(Prov. 29. 11.)

III. A REMEDY SOUGHT (vs. 5, 6).—What  
did the king propose? What did Naaman  
carry with him? Why? Had he a long jour-  
ney? Why did he go first to the king? What  
message did he take?

IV. OBSTACLES IN THE WAY (vs. 7-13).—  
How did the king of Israel receive the re-  
quest? What was his mistake? What message  
relieved them? How did Naaman approach  
Elisha? What was Elisha's message? Why  
did not Elisha treat Naaman now as became  
his rank? Why was Naaman greatly of-  
fended? What had he expected? In what  
respects were Abana and Pharpar better?  
In what of no value? Does God save in our  
way or his own? Who saved Naaman from  
rash action?

V. THE REMEDY APPLIED (v. 14).—How  
far was it to the Jordan? How exactly did  
he follow directions? With what result? Can  
we be cleansed from sin? (Zech. 13. 1.) How  
thoroughly? (Isa. 1. 18.) Why, then, do not  
all people apply the remedy?

VI. THE NEW LIFE (vs. 15, 16).—How did  
Naaman come back to Elisha? Will people  
whom God has saved confess him? What did  
Naaman say? What did he offer? Why did  
not Elisha accept the offering? (v. 15.)  
What evidence that Naaman intended to  
worship God? (v. 17.) Is "I thought" a  
sufficient excuse for neglect of duty?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. When you are tempted to envy, stop  
and ask with whom you would be willing to  
change places in every respect.
2. "Young lips may teach the wise,"  
Christ said; "Small feet sad wanderers  
home have led."
3. "Do all the good you can, to all the  
people you can, in all the ways you can, as  
long as you can."
4. "Whose life lightens, his words thun-  
der."
5. The child who knows a thing is often  
worth ten men who do not know it.
6. People who do not trust God are sus-  
picious of one another.
7. The strait gate is too narrow for pride  
to pass through.
8. We must not despise God's way because  
it is simple, nor because it is not what we  
expected.
9. What we are unwilling to give up for  
God's sake is that which may cost us our  
souls.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School  
in concert.)

1. What was the one affliction of Naaman's  
life? ANS. Leprosy. 2. Who said that  
Elisha could cure him? ANS. A little captive

maid in his family. 3. What did Elisha bid  
him do? ANS. Go wash seven times in Jor-  
dan. 4. What was the result? ANS. His  
flesh came again like unto the flesh of a  
little child. 5. Of what is leprosy a type?  
ANS. Sin. 6. How can it be cleansed?  
(Repeat the Golden Text.)

B.C. 975]

REVIEW.

[Sept. 27.

John S. 31-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve.  
—Josh. 24. 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Follow that which is good; avoid that  
which is evil.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 12. 6-33. Th. 1 Kings 19. 1-13.  
T. 1 Kings 16. 23-34. F. 1 Kings 21. 1-19.  
17. 1-16.  
W. 1 Kings 18. 1-16. Sa. 2 Kings 2. 1-15.  
Su. 2 Kings 4. 18-37; 5. 1-16.

TIME.—B.C. 975-892.

PLACE.—The two kingdoms: Israel and  
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QUESTIONS.

Over how long a period do the lessons of  
this Quarter extend? What three kings  
ruled over the united kingdom? What led  
to the division of the kingdom? How many  
tribes composed each kingdom? Which of  
the two was most prosperous? How was  
idolatry introduced into the kingdom of  
Israel? What punishments were inflicted on  
account of this? What prophets arose to  
withstand the evil? Name the kings of Israel,  
and those of Judah, during the first century  
of their existence.

I. THE PERSONS WHO WERE FOR A WARN-  
ING TO US.—Name the persons whose ex-  
ample we should not follow. What were  
the things in them we should avoid? What  
led to these sins? How were these people  
punished?

II. THE PERSONS WHO WERE FOR EX-  
AMPLES TO US.—How many people are men-  
tioned whose example was worth following?  
Name them. What good things did Obadiah  
do? What good things did Elijah do? What  
good things were done by Elisha? Relate the  
story of Naboth. Of the sacrifice of Carmel.  
Of the Shunammite's son. Of Naaman.  
What virtues do you find in the characters  
of these good men? What failings? How  
many other persons are mentioned by  
number as serving God in secret?

Which of all the persons in this Quarter's  
lessons would you most desire to be like?  
What was the noblest deed recorded? Which  
the bravest? Which was the worst?

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly  
or bind so fast as love can do with  
only a single thread.

OUR want of usefulness is often to  
be ascribed more to our want of spiritual  
ability than to our want of natural  
ability.

WHEN a man has not a good reason  
for doing a thing, he has one good  
reason for letting it alone.—Walter  
Scott.

TRUTH can hardly be expected to  
adapt herself to the crooked policy and  
wily sinuosities of worldly affairs; for  
truth, like light, travels in straight  
lines.

To carry with us the thought of God  
in every employment of the day—this  
is to walk with God. In reading, in  
studying, in working with the hands,  
in walks and drives, to keep fresh the  
thought and presence of God is to  
bring the Divine into our lives.

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